ADVENTURES INTO WEIRD WORLDS

APR.
ATLAS
NO. 5
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AUTHORIZED A.C.M.E. COMICS CODE

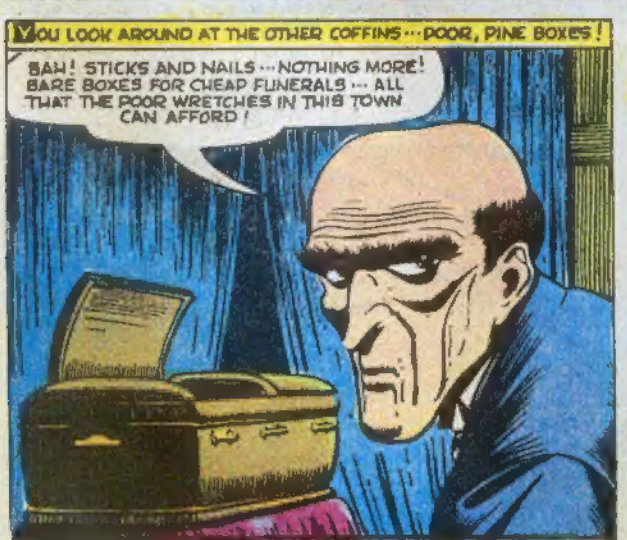
ENTER THESE WEIRD WORLDS...

"I CRAWL THRU GRAVES!"

"THE TERRIBLE TRUNK!"

"WHERE?"

DON'T BURY ME DEEP!
Stan Lee PRESENTS:
AH, SO DEEP, SO RICH ··· SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CASKET! SOON WE WILL FIND A BODY FOR YOU, MY BEAUTY!
BILL EVERETT
YOU ARE CHARLES BEECHER, AN UNDERTAKER IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF MACOMBERSVILLE ··· YOU LOVE FINE CASKETS AS SOME PEOPLE LOVE THEIR CHILDREN OR THEIR DOGS! BUT YOU HAVE ONLY ONE FINE CASKET, FOR YOU ARE POOR - AS ARE THE OTHER PEOPLE OF MACOMBERSVILLE ···EXCEPT THE MACOMBER FAMILY WHO LIVE IN THE MANSION ON THE HILL··· AND YOU ARE SAVING YOUR FINE CASKET FOR ONE OF THEM!!!


YOU LOOK AROUND AT THE OTHER COFFINS···POOR, PINE BOXES!
BAH! STICKS AND NAILS···NOTHING MORE! BARE BOXES FOR CHEAP FUNERALS··· ALL THAT THE POOR WRETCHES IN THIS TOWN CAN AFFORD!

BUT IF I COULD USE YOU, MY BEAUTY, FOR A MACOMBER, I COULD GET ENOUGH MONEY TO LEAVE THIS PAUPER TOWN AND SET UP BUSINESS IN A BIG CITY!

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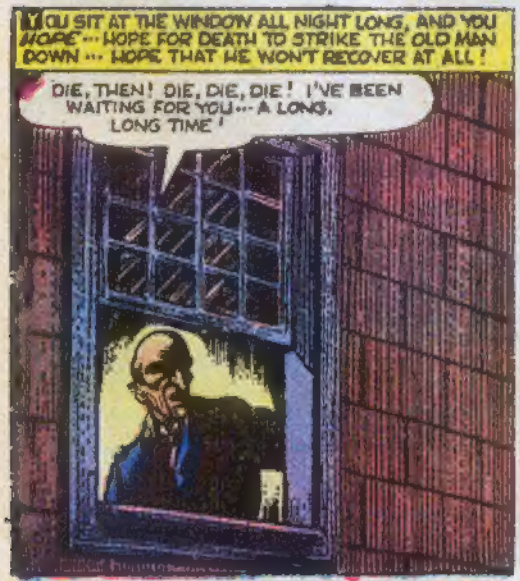
YOU WALK THROUGH THE SHADOWED SHOP TO THE WINDOW AND LOOK OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT··· PAST THE GRAVEYARD TO THE TOP OF THE HILL···
THERE IT IS --THE MACOMBER MANSION! BUILT BY THE BLOOD AND SWEAT OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS POOR TOWN, NAMED FOR THOSE HIGH-AND-MIGHTY FOLK!
YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE, THEY ALL WORK FOR THE MACOMBERS— IN THE CASKET FACTORY! WORK LONG HOURS FOR MEAGER PAY!
MACOMBER CASKET WORKS
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE MISERLY MACOMBERS, THIS COULD BE A PROSPEROUS LITTLE COMMUNITY, AND EVEN AN UNDERTAKER COULD MAKE A COMFORTABLE LIVING! AS IT IS, I, TOO, STARVE··· LIKE THE REST OF THE TOWN!
UNDERTAKER
MORTUARY
AS YOU LOOK AT THE LIGHTED WINDOWS OF THE MANSION ON THE HILL, YOU CURSE THE MACOMBERS, AND ESPECIALLY THE TYRANNICAL OLD MAN WHO HEADS THE CLAN! AND YOU WONDER HOW MANY MORE OF THE TOWNSFOLK STAND, AS YOU DO, AND ADD THEIR CURSES TO YOURS!
A CURSE ON THE MACOMBERS - THEIR HOUSE AND THEIR HEIRS! YES, I'LL WAGER EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN THE TOWN SEND THEIR CURSES AT THEM EACH NIGHT!
AH, BUT THE MACOMBER CASKET FACTORY SURELY DOES PRODUCE BEAUTIFUL COFFINS! THIS ONE OF THEIRS, NOW··· LOVELY, RICH, DEEP, AND COSTING EVERY LAST CENT I HAD IN THE WORLD!
BUT SOMEDAY, MY BEAUTY, YOU'LL RETURN MY MONEY WITH INTEREST··· INTEREST ENOUGH TO FREE ME FROM THIS PLACE! SOMEDAY YOU WILL HOLD A MACOMBER, FOR EVEN THEY CAN'T LIVE FOREVER! A FINE CASKET, A RICH FUNERAL— AND THEY SHALL PAY FOR IT! PAY WELL··· PAY, AAY, AAY!
2

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE **THE SON OF SATAN?** FIND OUT—

WHAT IS IT?
BEECHER, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? OLD MAN MACOMBER - CURSE HIM - HAD A HEART ATTACK! DOC'S UP THERE NOW ... SAYS HE WON'T LIVE THE NIGHT OUT!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOIN' TO HAVE A GOOD PIECE OF BUSINESS AT LAST, BEECHER! SO LONG!
YES ... YES ... A FINE PIECE OF BUSINESS ... AND I'M READY FOR IT!


YOU SIT AT THE WINDOW ALL NIGHT LONG, AND YOU HOPE ... HOPE FOR DEATH TO STRIKE THE OLD MAN DOWN ... HOPE THAT HE WON'T RECOVER AT ALL!
DIE, THEN! DIE, DIE, DIE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU ... A LONG, LONG TIME!

THEN, AS DAWN BREAKS, THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN LEAVE THE FOOT OF THE HILL, WHERE THEY'VE SPENT AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL, AND HEAD FOR THEIR HOMES ...
THE OLD MAN --?
DEAD ... AT LAST!
3

—IN THE PAGES OF *MARVEL SPOTLIGHT*, ON SALE RIGHT NOW!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE NEXT AFTERNOON YOU ARE SUMMONED TO THE MANSION, AND YOU DRIVE UP THE CLIMBING ROAD WITH YOUR EMPTY WICKER BASKET ··· AND WHEN YOU DRIVE DOWN AGAIN, THE BASKET IS FILLED ··· WITH THE BODY OF OLD JOHN MACOMBER!

WHEN YOU DRESS THE BODY IN FINE LINENS PROVIDED BY THE FAMILY ··· YOU POWDER AND ROUGE THE FACE OF THE CORPSE TO GIVE IT A "NATURAL" LOOK ··· AND YOU SURVEY THE GRIM RESULT!

EVEN IN DEATH YOU LOOK LIKE A TYRANT! YOU LOVED MAKING SLAVES OF US ··· MAKING US DEPENDENT ON YOU FOR OUR MEAGER LIVELIHOODS! WELL, THIS IS *ONE* SLAVE WHO'S BREAKING THE FETTERS, OLD MAN!

YOU LAY HIM OUT NEATLY IN THE FINE, DEEP, NEW CASKET, AND YOU GLOAT OVER YOUR ANTICIPATED FREEDOM ··· BUT SUDDENLY ···

YOUR DEATH MEANS *LIFE* TO ME! ONCE YOU'RE BURIED, AND MY BILL HAS BEEN PAID, MACOMBERSVILLE WILL SEE ME NO MO-- EEEAAAH! WHAT'S THAT? HIS··HIS EYELIDS! THEY···THEY'RE FLICKERING!!!

OOOHHHHH·····

HE···HE'S MOVING! OH, NO···NO! IT C-CAN'T BE!

SLOWLY, THE CADAVER SITS UP IN THE DEEP COFFIN! YOU ARE FLOODED WITH SHEER TERROR ··· YOU SCREAM ··· YOU RUN!

AHHHH-H-H!

NO! NO! NO!

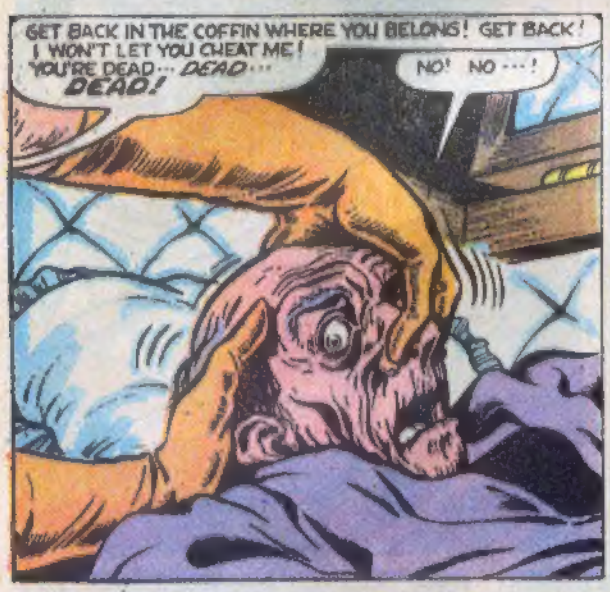
BUT··AT THE DOOR YOU SUDDENLY HALT! COLD SANITY RETURNS ABRUPTLY, AND PUSHES AWAY THE AWFUL FRIGHT ···

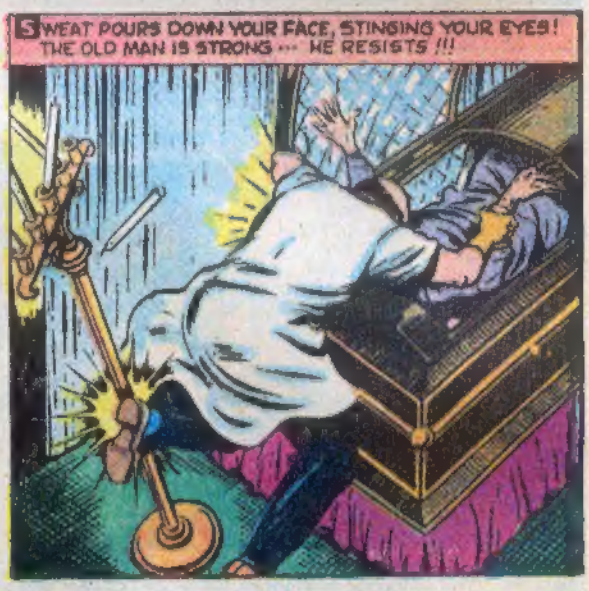
GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, YOU FOOL! THE DEAD DON'T RISE ··· YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THEM TO KNOW THAT!

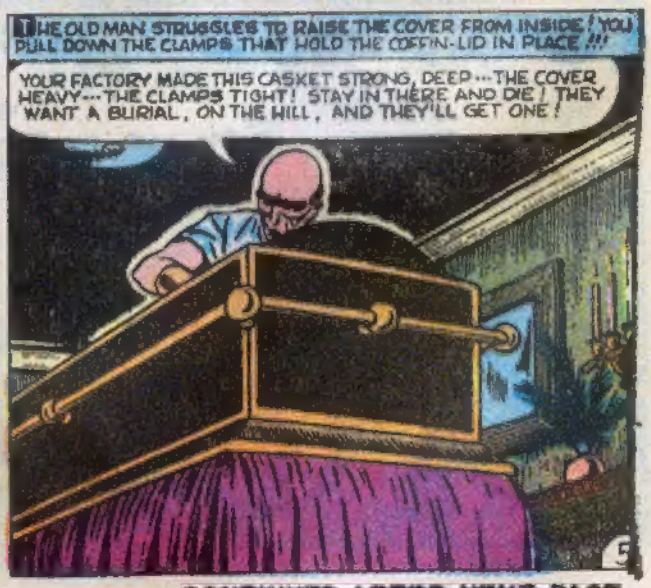
IT'S SPIDEY VS. SUB-MARINER—IN **MARVEL TEAM-UP** #14—NOW!

YOU LOOK AT THE OLD MAN··· HE STARES AT YOU ··· IN HIS EYES YOU SEEM TO DETECT A LOOK OF GLOATING TRIUMPH! THEN··· REALIZATION COMES TO YOU OF WHAT THIS MEANS···
NO··· YOU CAN'T CHEAT ME OUT OF THIS! I WON'T LET YOU, DO YOU HEAR???

YOU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD, SO I CAN BURY YOU — SO I CAN GET THE MONEY! SO I CAN GET AWAY FROM YOU AND YOUR FAMILY, AND THIS LOUSY TOWN!
WHA··· WHAT ?






THE OLD MAN STRUGGLES TO RAISE THE COVER FROM INSIDE! YOU PULL DOWN THE CLAMPS THAT HOLD THE COFFIN-LID IN PLACE !!!
YOUR FACTORY MADE THIS CASKET STRONG, DEEP··· THE COVER HEAVY··· THE CLAMPS TIGHT! STAY IN THERE AND DIE! THEY WANT A BURIAL, ON THE HILL, AND THEY'LL GET ONE!
5

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

YOU FEEL WEAK ··· YOU SIT DOWN···

I COULDN'T LET HIM CHEAT ME··· NOT WHEN FREEDOM IS SO NEAR! HE DESERVES TO DIE! HE'S CRUEL··· A TYRANT···A MISERLY OLD MAN! NO ONE WILL MOURN FOR HIM! EVERYONE WILL REJOICE THAT HE'S DEAD!

THEN YOU HEAR IT..THE DULL RHYTHMIC THUDS, LIKE THE BEATING OF A WILD, TORTURED HEART!

WHAT'S THAT? POUNDING···THE OLD MAN, INSIDE··· POUNDING AT THE LID!

IT'LL STOP SOON! HE'LL BE DEAD SOON··· THEN THE POUNDING WILL STOP!

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL TICKS THE TIME AWAY, BUT THE POUNDING KEEPS ON ·····

WHY DOESN'T HE STOP? WHY DOESN'T HE DIE?

HE DOESN'T STOP! THE NIGHT WEARS ON, BUT THE OLD MAN IN THE CASKET DOESN'T STOP POUNDING!

STOP IT! DIE! DIE, AND STOP THAT POUNDING BEFORE I GO MAD!

TOWARD MORNING, IT GROWS WEAKER···

HE'S DYING! SOON HE'LL STOP···SOON HE'LL BE DEAD!

THERE···THE POUNDING'S STOPPED···HE MUST BE DEAD AT LAST! I'LL···I'LL JUST MAKE SURE···THE PALLBEARERS WILL BE HERE, AND THE FUNERAL WILL BEGIN AS SOON AS IT'S LIGHT! I'LL OPEN THE LID··· MAKE SURE HE'S REALLY DEAD THIS TIME!

YOU OPEN THE CLAMPS···PULL UP THE HEAVY COVER··· AND LOOK IN! THE OLD MAN'S DEAD!

REMEMBER ORKA, THE HUMAN KILLER WHALE? WELL, NAMOR DOES—

YOU LEAN CLOSER TO MAKE SURE! YOU FEEL YOUR FOOT ROLL ON THE CANDLESTICK YOU KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR IN YOUR SCUFFLE WITH THE OLD MAN! YOU LOSE YOUR BALANCE! YOU PITCH FORWARD···!

BAM!

YOU'RE INSIDE THE COFFIN, ATOP THE CORPSE··· THE CORPSE YOU MADE··· AND THE LID HAS SLAMMED SHUT! PANIC OVERCOMES YOU··· YOU PUSH UP ON THE HEAVY LID WITH ALL YOUR STRENGTH!

IT···IT WON'T MOVE! THE CLAMPS MUST'VE CAUGHT WHEN THE COVER FELL!

DESPERATELY YOU PUSH AND CLAW AT THE LID···BUT IT WON'T BUDGE! THEN YOU HEAR THE PALLBEARERS TRAMPING IN! YOU SIGH WITH RELIEF···THEY'LL HEAR YOU···THEY'LL LET YOU OUT! YOU POUND ON THE COFFIN-LID!

WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE···LIKE SOMEONE BEATING ON THE TOP OF THE CASKET FROM - FROM *INSIDE!*

THAT IT DID!

THE OLD MAN··· HE MUST BE ALIVE!

THAT'S IT! WHAT SHALL WE DO? SHALL WE LET HIM OUT?

IF HE AIN'T DEAD NOW, HE SHOULD'VE BEEN··· LONG AGO! I SAY DO NOTHIN'! BURY THE OLD TYRANT, AN' KEEP OUR MOUTHS SHUT! NO ONE'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

YOU KEEP POUNDING···YOU SCREAM···BUT YOU'RE WEAK NOW - YOUR LUNGS BURSTING FOR AIR! WHY DON'T THEY HEAR YOU? WHY DON'T THEY FREE YOU? YOU FEEL THE COFFIN BEING LIFTED AND CARRIED···YOU FEEL IT BEING LOWERED INTO A GRAVE··· *YOUR* GRAVE! YOU HEAR AN OMINOUS SOUND··· DIRT FALLING ON THE COFFIN—*YOUR* COFFIN! YOU STOP POUNDING, SCREAMING···YOU KNOW NOW THAT IT'S *TOO LATE!!!*

THE END

—'CAUSE HE'S BACK FROM THE DEAD, IN **SUB-MARINER** #66!

YOU FIND YOURSELF STUMBLING ALONG A DESERTED ROAD ON A BLACK, THREATENING NIGHT AND YOU KNOW YOU HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH... BUT ONE QUESTION SEARS AT YOUR SANITY...

WHERE?

WHAT DREAD DISEASE HAS WASTED YOUR FLESH? WHAT NAMELESS ACCIDENT HAS STRIPPED YOUR SKIN BARE? YOU STAGGER ON DESPERATELY ...SEEKING ANOTHER HUMAN BEING...

THE TWISTING NIGHT MISTS PRESS MENACINGLY ABOUT YOU! THEN THEY PART, AND YOU FIND YOURSELF ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN! BUT THE TOWN IS DARK, SILENT.. DEAD...

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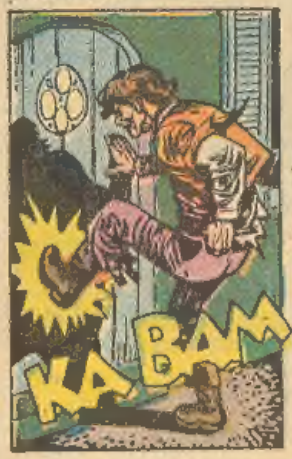
DOWN THE MOCKING STREETS YOU WANDER, YOUR FOOTSTEPS ECHO HOLLOWLY IN THE DISMAL SILENCE ...YOU STOP IN FRONT OF A HOUSE...

YOU BECOME INSANE WITH ANGER AND FEAR... YOU KICK AT THE DOORS...



...YOU BEAT ON THE SHUTTERS TILL YOUR HANDS ARE BLOODY...

YOU RUN SCREAMING THRU THE TOMBLIKE STREETS...

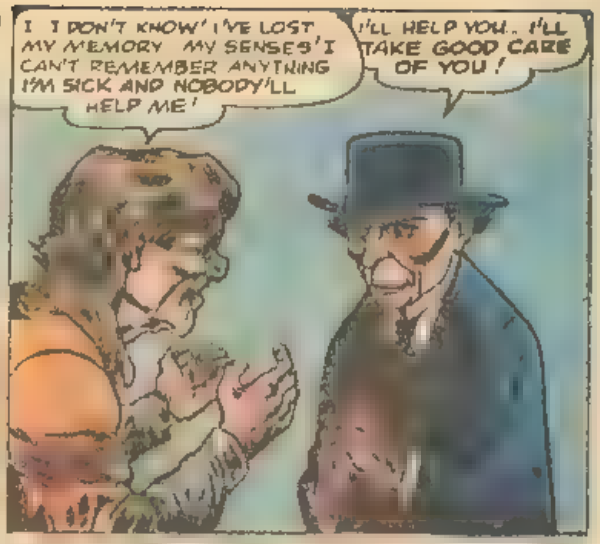
BUT NO ONE LETS YOU IN AND YOU'RE ALL ALONE!

ALL YOUR STRENGTH HAS DRAINED FROM YOU... YOU FALL TO THE GROUND...

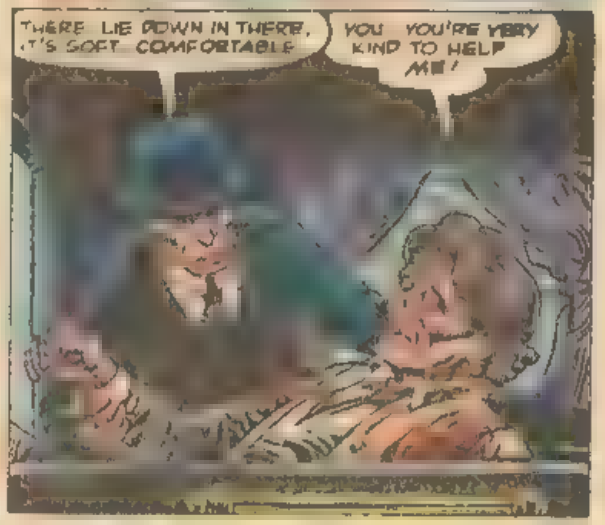
THEN THERE'S A ROAR LIKE A THOUSAND TORTURED SOULS SCREECHING IN THEIR AGONY! YOU LOOK UP, AND YOU'RE BLINDED... YOU SCREAM!

YOU EXPECT TO FEEL THE CLAMMY HANDS OF DEATH EMBRACE YOU BUT THEY DON'T! INSTEAD YOU SEE THAT WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS A MONSTER IS ACTUALLY A BLACK TRUCK...

..A HEARSE! YOU'VE COME TO TAKE ME AWAY BUT YOU MUSTN'T! I'M STILL ALIVE I'M NOT READY TO GO I'M ALIVE!
DON'T BE EXCITED, SIR I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU! I'M THE VILLAGE UNDERTAKER WHO ARE YOU?


I I DON'T KNOW! I'VE LOST MY MEMORY MY SENSES! I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING I'M SICK AND NOBODY'LL HELP ME!
I'LL HELP YOU.. I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!

YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE SAID THAT! THE ODOR FROM HIS GARMENTS NAUSEATES YOU YOU'RE AFRAID BUT YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO RUN AND YOU HAVE NOWHERE TO RUN



THEN SUDDENLY YOU SEE WHAT IT IS YOU'RE GETTING INTO

FEAR GIVES YOU STRENGTH... YOU LEAP OUT OF THE [illegible] YOU RUN B[illegible] YOU SLAM INTO A WALL IN THE DARK! THEN YOU SEE IT [illegible] NOTICE.. A PANIC RIPS THRU YOUR BODY...

WARNING! ALL CITIZENS OF RAKUSC ARE WARNED TO STAY INDOORS TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT THE VAMPIRE OF RAKUSC WILL STALK THE TOWN SEEKING THE BLOOD OF HIS YEARLY VICTIM.
SO THAT'S WHO HE IS! THE VAMPIRE OF RAKUSC!

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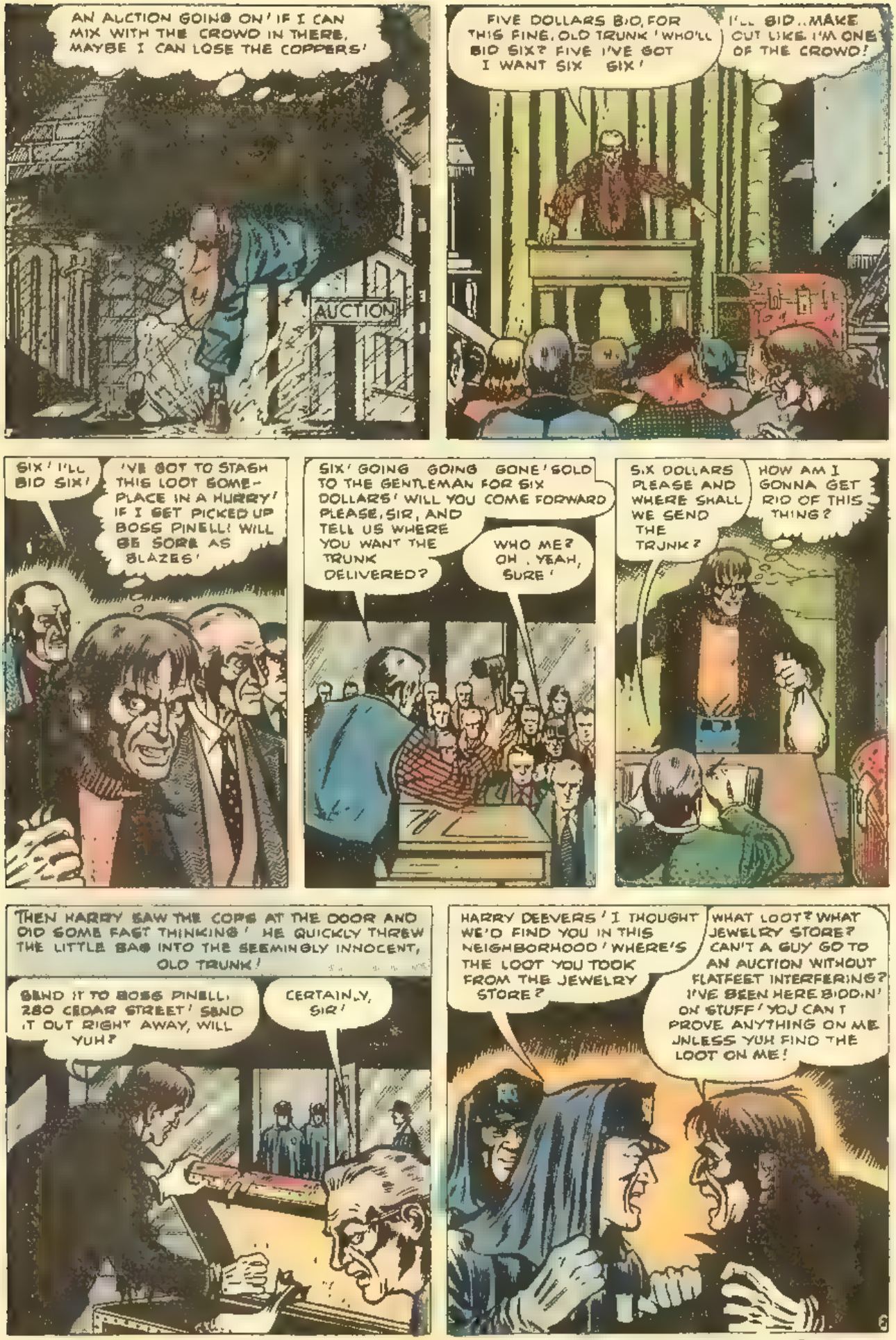
FOR ONE AWFUL SECOND THE SILENCE OF THE TOWN SMOTHERS YOU BOTH... THEN HE MOVES TOWARD YOU.. AND FEAR FREEZES YOU ON THE SPOT!
YOU...YOU'RE THE VAMPIRE! YOU WANT MY BLOOD!
YOU MUST BE VERY SICK SIR! COME WITH ME I WON'T HURT YOU I WANT TO HELP YOU! HURRY... IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT!
NO, NO. I WON'T GO YOU'LL DRINK MY...MY
AND BEFORE YOU CAN FINISH. THE CLOCK BEGINS TO STRIKE...
BONG
AND THEN IT HAPPENS!
BBBOOOOONNNGG!
THEN IT'S ALL OVER.....
AND YOU RETURN TO YOUR ROTTING CRYPT
UNTIL NEXT YEAR!
THE END

IN CHICAGO, ON A RAINY EVENING, HOODLUM HARRY DEEVERS HELD UP A JEWELRY STORE

AN ALARM WENT OFF AND HARRY RAN, WITH THE POLICE CLOSE BEHIND


AN AUCTION GOING ON! IF I CAN MIX WITH THE CROWD IN THERE, MAYBE I CAN LOSE THE COPPERS!
AUCTION
FIVE DOLLARS BID, FOR THIS FINE, OLD TRUNK! WHO'LL BID SIX? FIVE I'VE GOT I WANT SIX SIX!
I'LL BID..MAKE OUT LIKE I'M ONE OF THE CROWD!
SIX! I'LL BID SIX!
I'VE GOT TO STASH THIS LOOT SOME-PLACE IN A HURRY! IF I GET PICKED UP BOSS PINELL! WILL BE SORE AS BLAZES!
SIX! GOING GOING GONE! SOLD TO THE GENTLEMAN FOR SIX DOLLARS! WILL YOU COME FORWARD PLEASE, SIR, AND TELL US WHERE YOU WANT THE TRUNK DELIVERED?
WHO ME? OH, YEAH, SURE!
SIX DOLLARS PLEASE AND WHERE SHALL WE SEND THE TRUNK?
HOW AM I GONNA GET RID OF THIS THING?
THEN HARRY SAW THE COPS AT THE DOOR AND DID SOME FAST THINKING! HE QUICKLY THREW THE LITTLE BAG INTO THE SEEMINGLY INNOCENT, OLD TRUNK!
SEND IT TO BOSS PINELL, 280 CEDAR STREET! SEND IT OUT RIGHT AWAY, WILL YUH?
CERTAINLY, SIR!
HARRY DEEVERS! I THOUGHT WE'D FIND YOU IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! WHERE'S THE LOOT YOU TOOK FROM THE JEWELRY STORE?
WHAT LOOT? WHAT JEWELRY STORE? CAN'T A GUY GO TO AN AUCTION WITHOUT FLATFEET INTERFERING? I'VE BEEN HERE BIDDIN' ON STUFF! YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING ON ME UNLESS YUH FIND THE LOOT ON ME!

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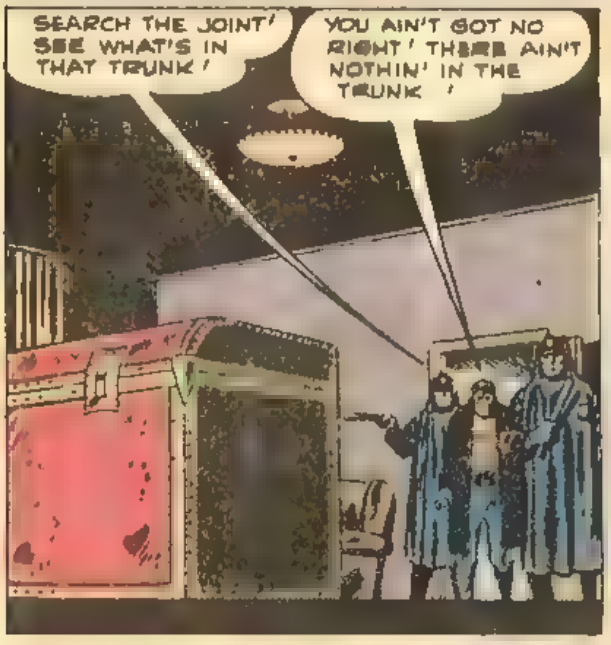
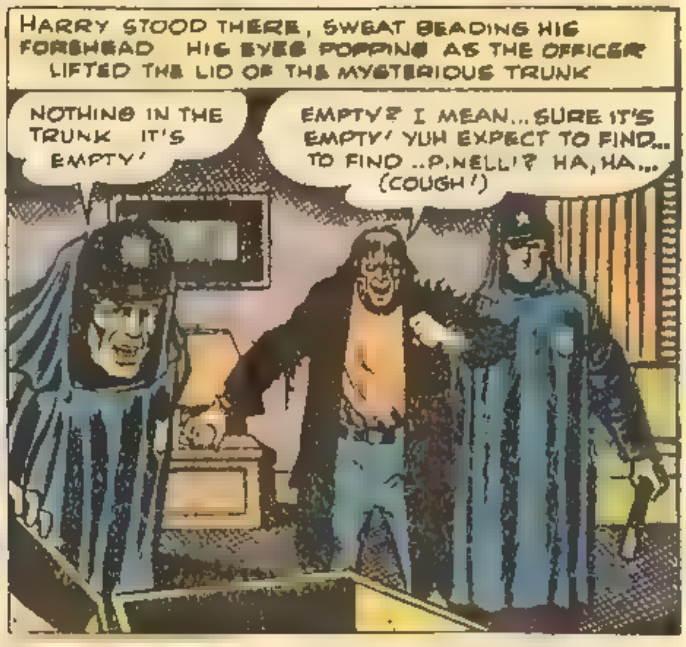
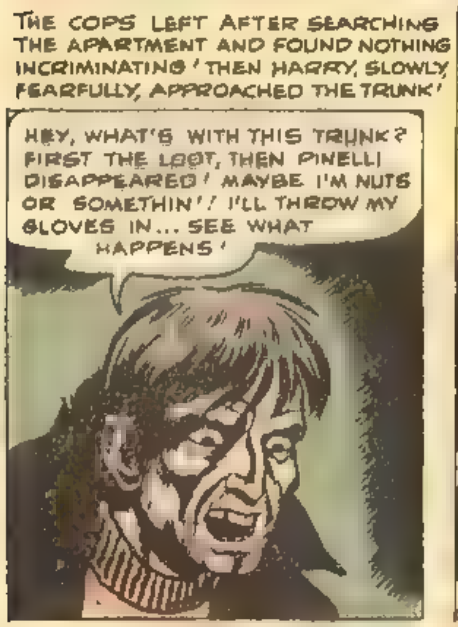
HARRY WAS RIGHT! THE POLICE TOOK HIM IN BUT HAD TO RELEASE HIM FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE! THE EVIDENCE HARRY HAD PUT IN THE TRUNK AND SENT TO HIS BOSS
GET OUT!
I OUGHTTA SUE YOU GUYS FOR FALSE ARREST!
A SHORT TIME LATER!
HI, BOSS! DID YUH GET THE JEWELRY LOOT? I STUCK IT IN THE TRUNK! WAIT'LL I TELL YUH HOW I PLAYED THE COPS FOR SUCKERS! I DUCKS INTO THIS AUCTION, SEE, BIDS ON THE TRUNK, THEN
THERE AIN'T NO LOOT IN THE TRUNK!
HUH? YOU'RE KIDDIN'! WHY, I PUT IT THERE MYSELF! HEY, IT AIN'T THERE!
THAT'S WHAT I SAID! I DON'T LIKE DOUBLE-CROSSERS! I'M GONNA BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT AND SHOVE YUH IN THIS TRUNK YUH TRIED TO KID ME WITH!
NO, WAIT, BOSS! I CAN EXPLAIN I MEAN I CAN'T EXPLAIN BUT I PUT THE BAG WITH THE LOOT IN THAT TRUNK!
THIS IS IT, YUH DIRTY CHISELLER!
NO! GIMME A CHANCE GIMME A CHANCE!
YUH LYIN' RAT!
THEY STRUGGLED IN FRONT OF THE TRUNK! HARRY WAS DESPERATE! HE FOUGHT LIKE A MADMAN TO KEEP FROM BEING KILLED! SUDDENLY, PINELL SLIPPED AND FELL INTO THE OPEN TRUNK!
THUD
3

GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE 'FORE HE GETS OUTTA THAT TRUNK!

GET BACK IN THERE! WE GOT A CALL THAT THERE WAS A FIGHT AND A SHOT FIRED IN HERE! WHERE'S PINELLI?
I DON'T KNOW...HE AIN'T HERE! THERE WASN'T ANY FIGHT! NO SHOTS! PROBABLY A CAR BACKFIRING! LET GO. I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!


SEARCH THE JOINT! SEE WHAT'S IN THAT TRUNK!
YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' IN THE TRUNK!


HARRY STOOD THERE, SWEAT BEADING HIS FOREHEAD HIS EYES POPPING AS THE OFFICER LIFTED THE LID OF THE MYSTERIOUS TRUNK
NOTHING IN THE TRUNK IT'S EMPTY!
EMPTY? I MEAN...SURE IT'S EMPTY! YUH EXPECT TO FIND... TO FIND ..P.NELLI? HA, HA... (COUGH!)

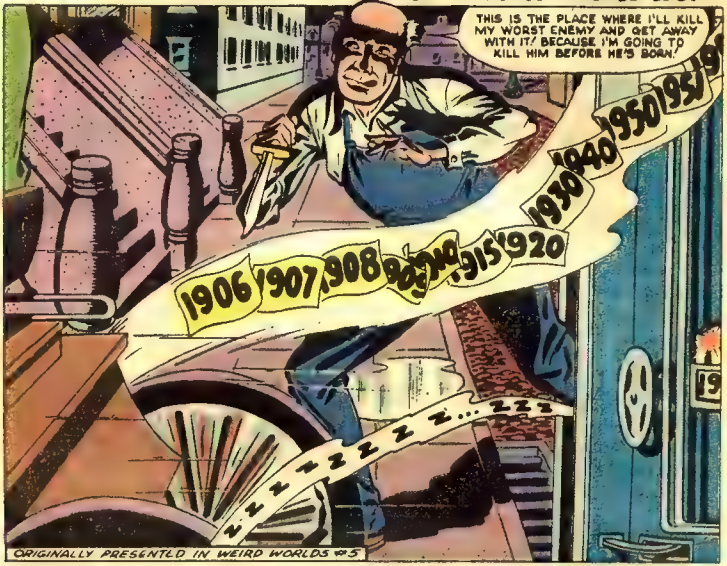

THE COPS LEFT AFTER SEARCHING THE APARTMENT AND FOUND NOTHING INCRIMINATING! THEN HARRY, SLOWLY FEARFULLY, APPROACHED THE TRUNK!
HEY, WHAT'S WITH THIS TRUNK? FIRST THE LOOT, THEN PINELLI DISAPPEARED! MAYBE I'M NUTS OR SOMETHIN'! I'LL THROW MY GLOVES IN... SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

GONE!

AFTER A MOMENT OF BEING COMPLETELY AWED, IT WAS TYPICAL OF HARRY TO BEGIN TO FIGURE THE ANGLES
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENS, BUT IT'S A PERFECT SETUP FOR A GUY LIKE ME! ANYTIME I WANT A GUY OUTTA THE WAY, ALL I GOTTA DO IS CROAK HIM AN' THROW HIM IN THE TRUNK AN' HE DISAPPEARS! WITHOUT A CORPUS DELICTI, THE COPS HAVE NO CASE!
I'LL KNOCK OVER THE MOB BOSSES AN' TAKE OVER! I'LL CROAK THE COPS THERE'S PLENTY OF PEOPLE I WANTA MURDER! FIRST, I GOTTA GET THIS TRUNK OUTTA HERE AN' OVER TO MY PLACE!
THE TRUNK WASN'T HEAVY BUT IT WAS UNGAINLY! HARRY GOT IT TO THE STAIRWAY, THEN
AN HOUR LATER, THE BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS WIFE FOUND THE TRUNK...
ANYTHING IN IT?
NAW, IT'S EMPTY! THROW IT OUT IN THE ALLEY!
THE OLD TRUNK WAS THROWN IN THE ALLEY, WHERE A JUNKMAN PICKED IT UP!
AN AUCTIONEER BOUGHT THE TRUNK FROM THE JUNK DEALER FOR 50¢ AND TOOK IT TO HIS STORE!
AND NOW FOR OUR NEXT ITEM, AN ANTIQUE TRUNK...
WHO WILL MAKE THE FIRST BID?... WILL YOU?
THE END

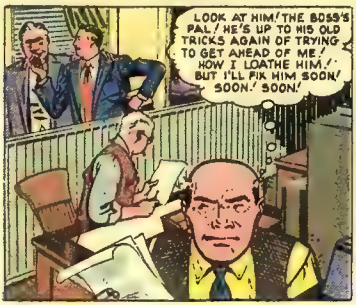
I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT TO A T.! YOU'RE MY ENEMY, SEE... AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU! BUT NOT TODAY OR TOMORROW! OH, NO! I'M MUCH SMARTER THAN THAT...

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE YESTERDAY

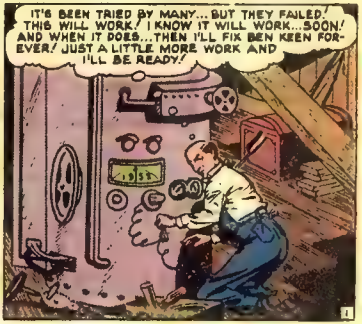


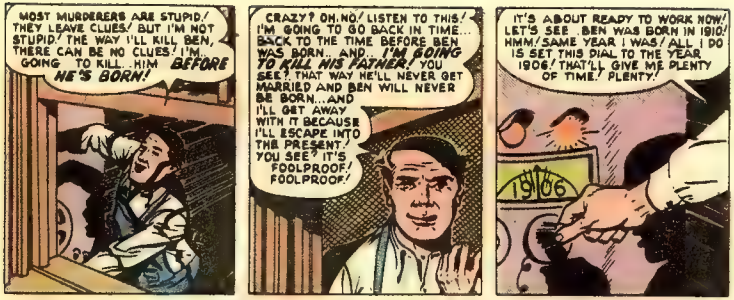
ORIGINALLY PRESENTED IN WEIRD WORLDS #5

THE NAME WAS TOM MILO...AND HE HAD ONLY TWO INTERESTS IN LIFE / ONE WAS HIS HATRED FOR BENJAMIN KEEN, A HATRED OF YEARS, BORN OF JEALOUSY AND BITTERNESS.


LOOK AT HIM! THE BOSS'S PAL / HE'S UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN OF TRYING TO GET AHEAD OF ME! / HOW I LOATHE HIM! / BUT I'LL FIX HIM SOON! SOON! / SOON!

THE OTHER INTEREST WAS HIS SECRET HOBBY. HIDDEN IN HIS ATTIC, MILO HAD WORKED OUT A TIME MACHINE!


IT'S BEEN TRIED BY MANY... BUT THEY FAILED! / THIS WILL WORK! / I KNOW IT WILL WORK... SOON! / AND WHEN IT DOES... THEN I'LL FIX BEN KEEN FOREVER! / JUST A LITTLE MORE WORK AND I'LL BE READY!


MOST MURDERERS ARE STUPID! THEY LEAVE CLUES! BUT I'M NOT STUPID! THE WAY I'LL KILL BEN, THERE CAN BE NO CLUES! I'M GOING TO KILL HIM BEFORE HE'S BORN!
CRAZY? OH, NO! LISTEN TO THIS! I'M GOING TO GO BACK IN TIME... BACK TO THE TIME BEFORE BEN WAS BORN... AND... I'M GOING TO KILL HIS FATHER! YOU SEE? THAT WAY HE'LL NEVER GET MARRIED AND BEN WILL NEVER BE BORN...AND I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT BECAUSE I'LL ESCAPE INTO THE PRESENT! YOU SEE? IT'S FOOLPROOF! FOOLPROOF!
IT'S ABOUT READY TO WORK NOW! LET'S SEE... BEN WAS BORN IN 1910! HMM! SAME YEAR I WAS! ALL I DO IS SET THIS DIAL TO THE YEAR 1906! THAT'LL GIVE ME PLENTY OF TIME! PLENTY!
1906

THE TIME WAS SET...THE PLACE DESIGNATED! MILO STEPPED INTO THE TIME MACHINE, ADJUSTED THE CONTROLS, AND...

A TOTAL BLACKOUT AS HIS MIND AND BODY WHIRLED THROUGH A DIMENSION BEYOND THE COMPREHENSION OF MAN... INTO A LIMITLESS WORLD... A WORLD OF NO TIME AND NO PLACE!

THEN OUT OF THE VOID, HIS MIND SLOWLY CLEARED, AND HE FOUND HIMSELF STANDING ON A SIDEWALK IN A SMALL TOWN...

I'M HERE...WHERE I WANT TO BE...THIS IS WHERE BEN'S FATHER LIVES! NOW... AFTER I KILL HIM THE TIME MACHINE WILL TAKE ME BACK TO MY OWN TIME! I SET IT THAT WAY... HOW PERFECT! PERFECT! OOPS... BETTER HIDE, SOMEONE'S COMING!
2

THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #1— NOW ON SALE!

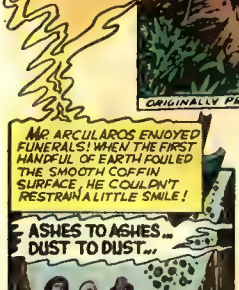
THEN...OUT OF THE HOUSE STEPPED A YOUNG MAN, SAYING GOODBYE TO HIS PARENTS!
WISH ME LUCK, FOLKS! I'M GOING TO PROPOSE TO LAURA TODAY!
THAT'S HIM! THAT'S BEN'S FATHER...BECAUSE LAURA IS THE NAME OF HIS MOTHER! NOW TO FINISH HIM AND BEN!
A SWIFT, HARD BLOW OF THE ROCK... ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER!
DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE!
AAAAGHH!
SO, MURDER IN TIME WAS DONE! THE YOUNG MAN WAS DEAD...AND WITH THE DEATH MILO'S BODY AND MIND WENT INTO THE VOID... BUT STILL HE COULD SEE AND HEAR...
GOOD GRIEF! WHO DID THIS?
OH, MY SON! MY SON! SOMEONE KILLED HIM!
A MAN SUDDENLY APPEARED, HIT HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH A ROCK...AND THEN VANISHED! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I CAN'T!
WHO WOULD WANT TO DO AN AWFUL THING LIKE THAT, MR. MILO?
MILO?
YOU'D BETTER TAKE YOUR WIFE INSIDE, MR. MILO!
ALL RIGHT... AND YOU'D BETTER TELL LAURA WHAT HAPPENED! AFTER ALL, NEXT TO MY SON, SHE LIKED YOU BEST, MR. KEEN...!
I KILLED MY OWN FATHER! I KILLED HIM BEFORE I WAS BORN! NOW...WHERE AM I? WHERE AM I? WHERE AM I?
THE END

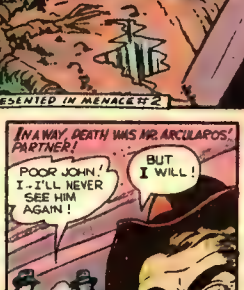
STAN LEE PRESENTS VAULT OF EVIL™

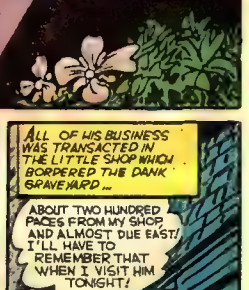
I CRAWL THROUGH GRAVES

LISTEN! THAT FAINT, SCRAPING SOUND FROM THE DEPTH OF THE FRESHLY MADE GRAVE! THE STIR OF THE EARTH SURROUNDING THE COFFIN, THE GROANING OF THE RELUCTANT WOOD AS THE TIGHTLY CLOSED COFFIN DOOR YAWNS OPEN! NO! IT IS NOT A DEATH-IMPRISONED SPIRIT TRYING TO GET OUT! IT IS MR. ARCULAROS— TRYING TO GET IN!

ORIGINALLY PRESENTED IN MENACE #2


MR. ARCULAROS ENJOYED FUNERALS! WHEN THE FIRST HANDFUL OF EARTH FOULED THE SMOOTH COFFIN SURFACE, HE COULDN'T RESTRAIN A LITTLE SMILE!
ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO DUST...




ALL OF HIS BUSINESS WAS TRANSACTED IN THE LITTLE SHOP WHICH BORDERED THE DANK GRAVEYARD...
ABOUT TWO HUNDRED PACES FROM MY SHOP AND ALMOST DUE EAST! I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT WHEN I VISIT HIM TONIGHT!
A ARCULAROS DEALER IN

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BENEATH THAT SHOP, DECAY-LADEN LABYRINTHS LED TO THE DANK SUBTERRANEAN TENEMENT OF DEATH NEXT DOOR!
THIS IS THE ONE THAT LEADS TO THE SECTION OF THE CEMETERY WHERE THE NEW BODY IS BURIED!
YES, MR. ARCULAROS VISITED HIS NEIGHBORS FREQUENTLY, ESPECIALLY ON THE FIRST EVENING THEY SPENT IN THEIR NEW HOMES!
IT TOOK YEARS OF WORK BUILDING THESE TUNNELS... BUT IT'S BEEN WORTH IT... WELL WORTH IT!
HE PASSED OLD ACQUAINTANCES...
FREDERICK MASON! IT CERTAINLY WAS A PROFITABLE NIGHT WHEN I FIRST MET YOU! ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE TIME, AND SET YOU UP IN YOUR GRAVE AGAIN!
HE MADE NEW ACQUAINTANCES...
THIS SHOULD BE THE RIGHT SPOT! AAAH... I CAN FEEL MY SHOVEL SCRAPING WOOD ALREADY!
MR. ARCULAROS' VISITS WERE STRICTLY FOR BUSINESS PURPOSES!
THAT RING... AND THE SUIT... THEY SHOULD FETCH A NICE SUM IN MY SHOP!
THE SICK STENCH OF DEATH CLOGGED THE AIR OF HIS SHOP! EVERYTHING IN THE PLACE WAS FROM THE GRAVE... EVERYTHING HAD ONCE BELONGED TO THE DEAD!
A. ARCULAROS
DEALER IN
SECOND HAND CLOTHING
JEWELRY
MR. ARCULAROS' CUSTOMERS GOT BARGAINS... BUT THE WARES THEY BOUGHT WERE DRENCHED WITH AN EVIL PERFUME OF DECAY THAT LINGERED FOREVER!
AN EXCELLENT BUY, SIR! THE PREVIOUS OWNER GAVE IT VERY LITTLE WEAR!
I... I... DON'T KNOW WHY... JUST CAN'T FEEL COMFORTABLE IN THIS SUIT!
2

YES, IT WAS A PROFITABLE BUSINESS AND MR. ARCULAROS' WAXY-PALE FACE WREATHED IN SMILES AS HE ADDED THE PROFITS! AND THEN, ONE DAY...
THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
IF SHE ONLY KNEW, AS I DO, WHAT SHE'LL LOOK LIKE A YEAR FROM NOW! BURIED TODAY, EH? WELL, HER FIRST NIGHT WON'T BE A LONELY ONE!
DAILY GLOBE
MRS. VAN HORTON TO BE INTERRED WEARING HER VALUABLE JEWELS.
THAT NIGHT, THE DISTINGUISHED CORPSE OF MRS. VAN HORTON HAD A VISITOR!
WANT TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL FOREVER, EH? YOU'D BETTER TURN YOUR FACE FROM MY SHOVEL, IF YOU CAN!
YOU OLD FOOL! WHAT GOOD ARE GEMS LIKE THESE ON DEAD AND MOLDERING FLESH?
SOME EVENINGS LATER, WHEN THE GRAVEYARD MIST WRITHED AT MR. ARCULAROS' DOORSTEP LIKE THE SICK SOULS OF UNRESTING DEAD...
SOMEONE THERE! LUCKY I DIDN'T CLOSE EARLIER! BE PATIENT! I'M COMING!
I HAVE COME TO SEE SOME JEWELS... THE BEST YOU HAVE!
AAAH, YES... EXPENSIVE JEWELRY! I HAVE JUST WHAT YOU WANT! BUT COME IN... I MUST SHUT THE DOOR! IT IS COLD SUDDENLY! VERY COLD!
THERE THEY ARE! SPARKLING AND BURNING AS IF ALIVE! REMOVE YOUR VEIL! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THEM BETTER!
I CAN SEE THEM WELL ENOUGH! THEY ARE JUST WHAT I WANT!
THE PRICE IS REASONABLE! THEY WILL COST...
THERE IS NO NEED TO MENTION COST! I DO NOT INTEND TO PAY FOR THESE JEWELS!
3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

YOU THINK I WILL LET YOU STEAL THEM? YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE TILL YOU GIVE THEM BACK OR PAY MY PRICE!
YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO STOP ME!
MR. ARCULAROS' THIN FINGERS CLAWED FRANTICALLY AT THE VEIL-FESTOONED THROAT!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! GIVE THEM BACK!
THEY'RE MINE!
CLOSER AND CLOSER HE DREW HER FACE TO HIS OWN GREED-FILLED FEATURES, AND THEN... SUDDENLY...
TAKE THEM! I... I... AAAGH!
YOU WILL MAKE ONE MORE TRIP TO THE GRAVEYARD, MR. ARCULAROS... BUT THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT RETURN!
I CAN FEEL IT! I AM GETTING NEARER AND NEARER! SOON I SHALL BE... HOME!
NOW I CAN REST! I HAD TO HAVE MY JEWELS... I WANT TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL FOREVER...
THE END

JIM and BETTY SOLVE THE "MYSTERY" OF PETE'S FORTUNE!

GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

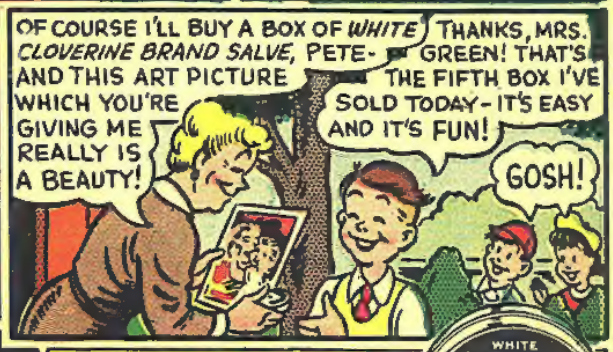
HOW DOES PETE DO IT?
HE'S GOT A TELESCOPE- A NEW WATCH- CASH!
LOOK! HE'S GOING TO MRS. GREEN'S HOUSE-
LET'S PLAY "DETECTIVES" AN' SEE WHAT PETE'S UP TO-- MAYBE WE CAN SOLVE THIS MYSTERY-

OUR 57th YEAR

Radios, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for order and catalog to start.

OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON!


OF COURSE I'LL BUY A BOX OF WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, PETE- AND THIS ART PICTURE WHICH YOU'RE GIVING ME REALLY IS A BEAUTY!
THANKS, MRS. GREEN! THAT'S THE FIFTH BOX I'VE SOLD TODAY- IT'S EASY AND IT'S FUN!
GOSH!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS-THAT'S HOW I EARNED MY WATCH AND OTHER SWELL PREMIUMS! NOW I'M WORKING FOR A BIKE! YOU CAN TOO!
WOW! LET'S SEND IN THAT COUPON QUICK!

ACT NOW!

BE FIRST! Candid Cameras (with Carrying Cases, Complete Cub Fishing Outfits (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25c a box (with picture) to start.

ACT NOW!

Aluminum Ware, Blankets, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for Salve and pictures to start.

IT'S FUN

57th YEAR!

ACT NOW!

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Other premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order.

OUR 57th YEAR!

Pocket Watches, Footballs, Food Choppers, Carving Sets (sent postage paid). Write or mail coupon to start.

Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Ukuleles, Wrist Watches, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Write or mail coupon to start.

LET'S GO! **BIG CATALOG!** ACT NOW!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

WE TRUST YOU

OUR 57th YEAR

WE ARE RELIABLE!
MAIL COUPON!
22 Calibre Rifles, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Boys-girls Bicycles (express charges collect). Write or mail coupon to start.
OUR 57th YEAR
IT'S EASY
MAIL COUPON!
ACT NOW!
SEND NO MONEY! BE FIRST
ACT NOW
OUR 57th YEAR
OUR 57th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE!

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. BM-148, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....

ST..... R. D. ..... BOX.....

TOWN..... ZONE NO..... STATE.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today